ECCLESIA & FACTIO.

A

# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Bow-Steeple Dragon,

AND THE

Exchange Grashopper.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1698.

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# ECCLESIA & FACTIO.

# DIALOGUE, &c.

#### Dragon.

By what affiftance thou art Hopp'd so high:
The busic swarms of Gnats and Wasps around,
With Hum, and Buz, thy Rrvelations sound,
And cry in thee (alone) their happiness is found.
Me they Despise, and thee they Praise aloud,
Admire thee, and Adore thee as a God:
Misled by false Enthusiastick Light;
They've rais'd thee now to a Destructive hight,
Who restless strive'st, by the accustom'd ways,
To stain those Glories, which thou ne'er cou'dst raise;
And like your Dam (the Babylonian Beast)
Cry down those Truths (by which Mankind are Blest)
Which Reason, well as Faith, makes manifest.

### Grashopper.

Thy Scaly Body, and Africing Wings, Thy furious Tallons, and thy frightful Stings, Makes thee feem Monstroas to our milder Flock, Who Dreaded once, but now Disdains thy Toke:

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You'd bind our Souls, b'Omnipotence made free, And Rob us of that Heav'n born Libertie, To which we have a Kight, as clear as thee. My Sons thou wou'dst unreasonably confine To Worthip God, within no Walls but thine, As if the Prayers, from other Temples sent. Of fighing Souls, who faithfully Repent, Were Scorn'd, and by repulsion backward driven, Vanish'd in Air, and reach'd no Ear of Heaven. Where is its Goodness? What avails its Grace, If our fincere Repentance wants accels, Thro' Heav'ns r spe to either Time, or Place? Those measures but our own Projections be, Unminded of the Great Eternitie, Whose Love Divine moves round the Sinful Ball. To Blefs each wreich, who on his Mercies call, Without regard to Place, on matter where, If the Heart's Contrit, and the Mind Sincere. Our Humble Guide the great Example yields, Who Pray'd and Preach'd in Gardens, Mounts, and Fields: Tembles but Sacred from their 1 fe became, Our Piety makes any House the same : Where e'er we inth' Almighty's Name repair, Omnipotence bath promised to be there. Befiles -Our Prayers (by which all-pitty'ng Heav'n we move, To grant us His inestimable Love, When with true Zeal our Pious Souls are marm'd) Makes the Place Holy, where se'er perform'd,

Diagon.

Thou know'st I'm founded on a fateless Rock, Freed from the danger of an Bovious Bock, Scripture's my Bats, Immovable I Rand, mande thy Lowful Pow'r, on ev'ry hand.

Establish'd by a National Consent, (Preach Faith, and Charity, do ills prever. 3 And for the Truchs I feach, am made Predominant. Stedfast and Pure, from Innovations free, Preferv'd intire from Manabillity; Safe from your Pride, and Envy, Arm'd with Law, To humble stif Precisians, who withdraw From my Communion, Conscious to agree With Heads uncover'd, or a bended Knee, And think a Bow a rank Idoltry. Religon, like a Prince, tho' ne'er fo Pure, By Pow'r to Punish, must be made secure, Or elfe von Saints, to Reformation given, Would quickly cut I'en Thouland Paths to Heaven. Could I from Factious Infolence be free, And live unitan'd, without and Enemy, (But that, till thou art crush'd, can never be) Then Church, and State might happily Unite, To Mankinds Safety, and to Heav'ns Delight: But you, by Pride, are swell'd to such a Rage, (Fed by the Vice of a Corrupted Age) That now you strike, with Envy, at my Pow'r, And aim'st above my Sacred Head to tow'r: But all in vain For that Bleft Edifice can never drop, Which, when affail'd, good Heav'n is ftill the Prop. You urge a Barn, or Stable, where you Meet, A Field, a Coffee-House, Dancing School, or Street, Arefic for Heiv'nly Worthip, and for Prayer Sacred; as unpoluted Temples are. Rare Arrogance indeed, so vitely prone, To justify Irreverence to a God head done. A Room where Men their common Lufts purfue. Drink, Swear, Lye, Cheat, all Worldly buliness do, To beg God's Prefence: or expect His Grace; Whilst His own House, for Holy use ordain'd, To Him Erected, by our Sins unstain'd, Shall be Despis'd, and Unregarded stand, A useless Fabrick, in an Impious Land: Yet do'st thou grumble in oppressive tones, and rail at me for Persecutions.

If you, thro's studdi'd Prejudice, retire

If you, thro'ftuddi'd Prejudice, retire
From what the Laws of God and Man require,
A Legal Force may justly then be us'd;
Such Factious Serpents may in time be bruis'd:
My Pow'r's from God, and in His word declard,
To those who to my Laws bear no regard,
Heav'ns Punishments are Just, as to the Good Reward.

The Scriptures whatfoe er I Teach contain, Whats Easie I Recite, what's Hard Explain: Virtue commend to Practice, Sin reprove, Excite to Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love: Obedience, Loyalty, Repentance, Prayer, The use of what we Spend, or what we Spare. Trush I advance, and what is False suppress, You can no more then these, I do no less. Then tell me what strange Feavour in the Head, At first those Superstious Frenzys bred? From whence you rais that causeless discontent, Which makes you from my Temples thus Dissent?

# Grashopper.

Superfluous Rises there are, which you maintain, 'And hold as Decencies, which I think Vain. Look back upon your heafted Pediguee, One part derivid of Rosnes Idolatry, From phose fautaste Sustains you have drawn,

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Proud Lazy Prelates, with Pluralities,
Who speak but by their hair train'd Deputies,
Whose Junior lears no Truth's observe can reach;
And seldom are so Wise, as those way Teach.
I our Mass like Service, with your noise Tooss,
Of hum drum Organs, Esdale Faddles and Plutes,
Your high-slown Doctrine to advance a State,
And Please it, till Unlawfully made Great,
Then turn your Holy Flat ries to its Pate.
These I dislike, from these (in obief) Dessent,
As quite repugnant to the Lords intent.
These are the sumptious Trappines of the Whoar,
The Marks and Patches which she always wore.
These are her study d, and prevailing Charms,
Which, but the looser part of Fancy warms,
And draws unwary South to her Adult rous Arm.

# Dragon.

External Order first informs our Sence,
And wise in us a due Reverence,
Either towards Place, or Person, where we see
Concurrent parts, in Noble Form, agree,
And tend to a peculiar Harmonie.
Or why did the Creator shape the World
From a dark Mass, together rudely hurl'd?
But that, in ev'ry part, Mankind should see,
The strokes of an Allpow'rful Deity.
From whence the light of Faith does first arise,
And makes our Reason subject to our Eyes,
For ev'ry wond'rous work of Heav'n we see,
Gives fresh Assurance of Eternitie;

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And by its Graseful Order strikes an Awe, Humbles our Souls, and does Obedience draw. By Natural means, to Heavin, and Natures Law: Therefore, such decent Rites do I dispense, As best shall Humble, and Affect the Sense; And in my Sons beget a Gaceful Reverence. How Intolent it looks? How Evil bred, T' approach God's Presence with a Cover'd Head Yet to a Great-man Couch, with Hat in Hand, And bare, before the Wealthy Idol, stand. Or at Devotion to neglectful be, As quite ab indon ali Humilitie; And rather than to Bended knees submit, In difrespectful Postures, Lolling fit. Next, with Church Government you disagree, And causlesly condemn our Hierarchie: Ra I at my Bithops, angry at their State, and Envy them, whose Merit made them Great; The Learn'd, and Pious Characters they wear, Fach rais'd them to the Dignities they bear. Unitain'd their Lives, they are as Guardians chofe, to fave the Church from Errour, and from Foes: Whout whose Conduct, and Authoritie, leligions Priftine flate can never be Leet from Erreneous Innovations free he hand expos d to every abuse, har each Frantick whimie thall produce, nen fure such Men, who by a Painful Life, Thro' Gode) to Knowledge more lublim'd arive; nd, with the piercing Eyes of Reafon, fee I'm' all the Mitries of Divinitie, infly deferve a Spiritual advance,

sove an unicarn'd, or a half-learn'd Dunce;

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Whose rowling Eyes, seign'd Looks, and yawning Jaws; Can nothing utter, but with Hums, and Haughs; inspir'd with Ignorance, then roars aloud Audacious Nonfense, to a Brainless Croud: Tis these, who from their Cradle are misled, And backward taught, to Factious Pulpits bred, Who, with impetuous vi'lence; headlong run, Pursuing Ills, their Rebel Si'res begun. Thus in their Fathers faults they persevere, And, by Instinct of Nature, envious Dunces are; These, thro' their barren Ignorance, exclaime Against all Order, and the Church defame. Pelting with Factious, and Calumnious Lyes, That Sacred Pow'r, to which they cannot rife; Spurning at all Ecclefiaftick Pomp, True Zealous Sons of the detefted Rump, Waiting the lucky Minute to be turn'd up Trump.

#### Gra.hopper.

These bald aspersions, from asar you setch.

Serve, but as Bullets, to enlarge the Breach.

Why so Disturb'd, so Scornful, and so High?

You're but a Weather ceck as well as I.

Boast of six'd Fundamentals, yet I find,

For Interest, you can Turn with ev'ry Wind.

Where's Right Divine, your Yassive, and your Non,

The Bubble's once blown up, now, Pho, they're gon.

Where is your Loyalty, so subt'ly shown,

Sometimes to th' Prince, and sometimes to the Throne,

Sometimes to both, sometimes to ne'er a one:

Thus is it Logically plac'd behind

So many School-boys Querks, 'tis bard to find:

When the great Change (by Heav'ns permition) try'd Your Churches Doctrine, and ber Glergies Pride, Some Conscientious Fools, 'tis true, turn'd out, But all the Wiser Sheepheards fac'd about; And, like good Men, could blacken and upbraid That sinking Pow'r, for which before they Pray'd.

### Dragen,

Scandal (as you are wont ) I know you chuse. As the best Weapon, of Offence, to use, Whether, on fearch, it True, or Falle be found, No matter which, if you can make it wound. But know my Armour's temper'd against Fate; And much to hard, for you to penetrate: The Iron Walls, my treasur'd Truths defend. Reverb'rate all the poisonous balls you fend. You charge me with the want of Loyalty, That am the chief support of Monarchy: By my High Priest the Holy Oyl's apply'd, By me Kings Reign, are Crown'd, and Sancisi'd; I am on Earth their Safety, and to Heav'n their Guide. By me the Factious Fallhoods are supprett, Scatter'd by restless Rebels, to molest The happy quiet of a Peaceful Reign, Which Traitors Envy, and blind Fools Dildain. Duty to Kings, I to the Publick teach, To Loyalty Excite, Perfwade, Beseech, That all things to the Throne be easie made, And him thereon be Rev'renc'd, and Obey'd. What are all thefe, but Marks of Lovaltie, Religious Graces, manifest in me, Virtues, I find, too bright for thy dull Eyes to fee.

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But pray your Reasons to the World impact, Why now you from your old Opinion flatt. n happy days, when Charles the Scepter Swai'd, When base Designs, by you know who, were lai'd, Then all your Awkward, Canting Brood profest Twas Damnable, the Bread of Life to Taft, Within my Sacred Temple Walls, but now, What then you held so Dang'rous, you Allow. If Once 'twas an Offence fo great, we know (As you maintain'd, full Twenty Years ago.) Tis Now the fame, and Ever will be fo. Why do the Grandees of your Leering Tribe, (Who from rank Dugs their Prejudice imbibe) So curb their Malice, as Conform of late, And with my Flocks they Envy, Congregate. Oft on a Sabaths Moring have I feen Rich awful Zealots, of a bulkey Mein, Cheat Heaven, and dissemble with the State, To be by Flatt'ry, and Ceceit made Great; Visit my Temples, feem devout as Saints; And for their Int'reft, turn bafe Sicophants: Thus with my Worship, thro' delign, agree, And only Mimmick, what they hate to be, To climb, unfairly, to Authoritie. Then, by their own Corrupted Whimfies led, Where the Frape meet, and common Ills are bred; There hear the Church, from whence they came, Lampoord, And True Religion, by an Ape Buffoon'd; Who o'er his Cushion, full of Yawn, and Hum, Stands Gaping like the Bear that beats the Deurs Thus is the Afternoon at Meeting frent, The Morning in the Church, at Sacrament:

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Rare Pious Christians, full of Faith, and Grace,
To thus with Heav'n, dissemble for a Place;
And pawn their Souls to purchase Sword or Mase
It I am Rright, and from Mistakes most free,
Why so they not Conform intire to me?
Your dark System, they believe most True,
May not alone Communicate with you?
Those who for Int'rest, carry fair with both,
Are Just to neither, by their Faith or Troth:
But plung'd between two Crimes, to Greatness bent,
Erre with the Wrong, and from the Right Dissent.

# Grafhopper.

If you make Laws't eclips my purer light,
And rob my Sons, of what's their native Right,
The fault's not theirs, 'tis you incur the blame
The Gunning's on their side, on yours the Shame.
Why not by Birth, and Christian Knowledge free
To Riches, Honour, and Authoritie?
Why must these VVorldy Comforts rest in you;
Or your Sons count all Pow'r and Place their due?
VI'by may not mine as well assist the State,
And in as great attempts, prove fortunate?
If you such Laws procure, such Pow'r posses,
As prove a hind rance to our happiness,
How can you justly blame us, to evade,
And leap o'er all the stumbling-blocks you've laid?

If you such bars to our Preferments make,

As Oaths, and Sacraments, for your own Intrest sake,

It is no crime in us, the same to Break, or Take.

If you attempt, thro' Pride, to keep us low,

And we, thro' Cunning, your designs o'ershrow,

Call it not Cozening Heaven, but Out-witting you.

#### Dragon.

No Laws can fuch loofe Principles restrain, No force can bind you, but a Golden Chain. Int'rest I find, is the prevailing tye, Makes you Approve, Corform, Diffent; Deny, Oppose the Right, or the Wrong Justifie: Int'rest, from me first made you Seperate; And become Rival to the Church, and State: Int'rest dispos'd you to intestine Jars; Improv'd to Bloody, and Domestick Wars Wherein being flatter'd with unjust success: Trampi'd on Merit, spit in Virtues Face, Riffled the Throne, and stain'd the Judgment leat; With Crimes too black, and dreadful to repeat; As if to you, Omnipotence had given, A Sanguine, not a Milky-way to Heaven. Still are your Thoughts by wild Ambition toft. Aiming to gain that Pow'r, you justly loft -At all Ellections, busie are your Brood, Heaving and shoving 'gainst the Publick Good! On all Promotions, Zea! wly intent,

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Squeese, Bawl, and Jostle, till their Breaths are spent Kick, Cuff, and Scandal (heedless of the Laws) Tongues, Feet, and Arms, all working for the Cause; By To raise some Meager Darling of their own, Faction in whose penurious looks is shown: (grown If N Rich by meer Chance, or Fraud, not Great by merit An Who can Lye, Cant, Dissemble, or Forswear, Declaim against, or hear the Common-Prayer; Thro' all Opinions Halt, to Lamely reach the Chair, Who can his Conscience, to his Interest mould, Run with the Court, or with the City hold. And without shame, can true Reflections face, Or bear all fcandal, with a comely Grace. And will his Pow'r beyond just bounds extend, To injure Foes, or to advance a Friend; Or any thing will do, to serve a Fastious End. These are the worthy Dolts, your Sons advance, By their false Poles, and double Diligence. These are the Men of merit, they provide, To Row, and Toe, against the Wind and Tide; VVho in Tempestious Discords, they create, Sail quite repugnant to the Church and State: Yet to fuch outward Godliness feem bent, To Church they'll come, tho' in their Hearts Dissent: But for no Faith, will either Hang, or Starve, Both God and Mammon, for advancement serve; Thus feafonably comply, or in fit times can swerve.

[ 15 ]

If fuch unsteddy Revers bear Command, ent Whilst Men of WVorth, shall unregarded stand, e; By Law, and Nature, Qualifi'd for Truft, To fomething Fix'd, and known in all things Juston If Men like these, shall be by fraud put by, And yield their Rights to the Pedantick fry; England must foon from all her Greatness fall, And mourn her Ancient Glories funeral. VVhich Heaven prevent----And (that five may once more her Grandure boast) Retrieve her Virtues, now so nearly lost; And from all factious Quarrels, and Despights, Preserve the King, Church, Nation, and our Rights: That in One faith, we may United be, And accord sweetly, in just Harmonie.

nt. Cat to your e Holykissen. Tid : 19.1 37 it can his 24.00



ECOLUMN PACELO.

# DIAL III

A PHARTON

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LONDON

Printed in the Teat 2 1695



# ECCLESIA & FACTIO.

# DIALOGUE, GC.

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By what affiftance thou art Hope it to find:

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Me they Despite, and thee they Praise about

Admire thee, and Adore thee as a second

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# Grashopper.

uperfluons Rites there are, which you maintain, Look back upon your boafted Redigues,
One part derived of Romes Idolates,
From whose fautable Suftoms you began drown,

Caps, low Bows, your Sarphile, and Lazy Prelages, with Pluralities, feed but by them hair-brain'd Deputies, o speak but by the main ordin a Departed

of Junior Leave no Trails objeure can reach;

if foldom are so, Wise, as those they Reach,

Mass-like Service, with your noise Thous,

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Therefore, such decent Rites do I dispense,
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And in my Sons beget a Graceful Reverence.
How Insolent it looks; How Evil bred,
T'approach God's Presence with a Cover'd Head;
Yet to a Great-man Couch, with Har in Hand,
And Bare, before the Wealthy Idol, stand.
Or at Devotion so neglectful be,
As quite abandon all Humilitie;
And rather than to Bended knees submit,
In disrespectful Postures, Lolling sit.

Next, with Church Government you difagree, And caulefly condemn our Hierarchie: Rail at my Bishops, angry at their State, And Envy them, whose Merit made them Great; The Learn'd, and Pious Characters they wear, Hath rais'd them to the Dignities they liear. Unstain'd their Lives, they are as Guardians chose, To fave the Church from Errour, and from Foes i Without whole Conduct, and Authorities Religions Priftine state can never be Kept from Erroneous Innovations free But stand expos d to every abuse, That each frantick whimlie shall produce. Then fure fuch Men, who by a Painful Life, ("bro' Grace ) to knowledge more fublim'd arive And with the piercing Eyes of Reafon, fee Paro N the Mitries of Divinitie, fully derve a Spiritual advance, Above an Mearn'd, or a half-learn'd Dunce;

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Conference Change (by Heav'ns permitted) try'd Change Dolling, and ber Glergies Pride, Gonference Fools, 'sintrue, turn dout, de Wifer Sheepbeards fac'd about; d. like good Mites, could blacken and upbraid Power for which before they Pray d.

Dragon.

Scandal (as you are went ) I know you chuse; As the best Weapon, of Offence, to use, Whether, on fearth, it True, or Falle be found, No matter which, if you can make it wound, But know my Anmour's temper'd against Fate; And much to hard, for you to penetrate: The Iron Walls, my treasur'd Truths defend, Reverb'rate all the poisonous balls you send.

You charge me with the want of Loyalty,
That am the chief support of Monarchy: By my High Priest the Holy Oyl's apply'd, By me Kings Reign, are Crown'd, and Sanctifi'd; I am on Earth their Safety, and to Heav'n their Guid By me the Factions Falshoods are supprest, Scatter'd by restless Rabels, to molest The happy quiet of a Peaceful Reign, Which Traitors Envy, and blind Fools Dildain. Duty to Kings, I to the Publick teach, To Loyalty Excite, Perfwade, Befeech, That all things to the Throne be easie made, And him thereon be Rev'ranc'd, and Obey'd. What are all these, but Marks of Loyaltie, Religious Graces, manifest in me, Times, I find, too bright for thy dull Byes to fee.

ut pray your Realons to the World impart, now you from your old Opinion fart. ppy days, when Charles the Scepter (wai'd, enbale Deligns, by you know who, were lai'd, all your Awkward, Canting Brood protest s Damnable, the Bread of Life to Taft, hin my Sacred Temple-Walls, but now, at then you held to Dang rous, you Allow. Once 'twas an Offence lo great, we know you maintain'd, full Twenty Years ago.) Now the fame, and Ever will be lo. y do the Grandees of your Leering Tribe, ho from rank Dugs their Prejudice imbibe ourb their Malice, as Conform of late, d with my Flocks they Envy, Congregate. on a Sabaths Moring have I feen h awful Zealots, of a bulkey Mein, at Heaven, and dissemble with the State, be by Flatt'ry, and Ceceit made Great; my Temples, feem devout as Saints; d for their Int rest, turn base Sicophants: us with my Worship, thro' delign, agree, nd only Mimmick, what they have to be, climb, unfairly, to Authoritie. hen, by their own Corrupted Whimies led, there the Frage meet, and common Ills are bred; here hear the Church, from whence they came, Lampoon d nd True Religion, by an Ape Buffoon'd, the e'er his Cushion, full of Yawn, and Hum, ands Gaping like the Bear that beats the Drum. hus is the Afternoon at Meeting spent, Morning in the Church, at Sacrament:

Rare Pious Christians, full of Faith, and Grace.
To thus with Heav'n, dissemble for a Place.
And pawn their Souls to purchase Sword or Mase.

If I am Rright, and from Mistakes most free,
Why do they not Conform intire to me?
If your dark System, they believe most True,
Why not alone Communicate with you?
Those who for Intrest, carry fair with both,
Are Just to neither, by their Faith or Treth:
But plung'd between two Crimes, to Greatness bear
Erre with the Wrong, and from the Right Disent.

# Grashopper.

If you make Laws't eclips my purer light, and not my Sons, of tokat's their native Right, The fault's not theirs, 'tis you incur the blame the Gunning's on their fide, on your's the Shame, Why not by Birth, and Christian Knowledge free to Riches, Honour, and Authoritie?

Why mast these VVorldy Gemsorts rest in you; Or your Sons count all Pour's and Place their due? Why may not mine as well assist the State, and in as great attempts, prove sortunate? If you such Laws procure, such Pow'r possess; it prove a hindrance to our happiness. How can you justly blame us, to evade, and leap a'et all the stumbling-blacks you're laid?

[ 13 ]

Just bars to our Preferments make,
Outles, and Sucraments, for your own Intrest Jake,
is no crime in us, the same to Break, or Take,
you attempt, thro Pride, to keep us low,
te, thro Gamning, your designs verthrow,
the not Cozening Heaven, but Out-witting you.

#### Dragon.

No Laws can fuch loofe Principles restrain. force can bind you, but a Golden Chain. reft I find, is the prevailing tye; kes you Approve, Conform, Diffent, Denv. pole the Right, or the Wrong Tuffifie. reft, from me first made you Seperate, become Rival to the Church, and State. rest dispos'd you to intestine Jars. prov'd to Bloody, and Domestick Warsa herein being flatter'd with unjust success. ampl'd on Merit, spit in Virtues Face, fled the Throne, and stain'd the Judgment-feat, ith Crimes too black, and dreadful to repeat if to you, Omnipotence had given, Sanguine, not a Milky-way to Heaven. Still are your Thoughts by wild Ambition toft, ming to gain that Pow'r, you justiy lost all Ellections, busie are your Brood, aving and shoving 'gainst the Publick Good. all Promotions, Zealously intent,

Senecie, Bawl, and Jostie, till their Breaths a Kick, Ciff, and Scandal (heedless of the Laws) Tongues, Feet, and Arms, all working for the o To raile fome Meager Darling of their own . Faction in whole penurious looks is thown: Rich by meer Chance, or Fraud, not Great b Who can Lye, Cant, Distemble, or Fortwear, Declaim against, or hear the Common-Prayer, Thro' all Opinions Half, to Lamely reach the C VVho can his Confedence, to his Interest moule Run with the Court, or with the City hold. And without frame, can true Reflections face, Or bear all foundal, with a comely Grace. And will his Pow'r beyond just bounds extend, To injure Foes, or to advance a Friend. Or any thing will do, to ferve a Factions End. There are the worthy Doks, your Sons advance, By their false Poles, and double Diligence. These are the Men of merit, they provide, To Row, and Toe, against the Wind and Tide; Who in Temperations Difcords, they create, Sail quite repugnant to the Church and State: Yet to such outward Godliness seem bens, To Church they'll come, tho' in their Hearts Differ But for no Feith, will either Hong, or Starve, Both God and Mammon, for advancement ferves feafonably comply, or in fit times can swerre

FINIS

Hen